FROM PARIS TO VERDUN AND BACK ON FRENCH PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE TRAIN

STERLING HEILIG, The Sunday Star's Special Correspondent in France, Takes Trip With Chief Executive, the American Ambassador and Two Marshals—Foch Explains Car of the Armistice and How the Commander-in-Chief Traveled During the War—Conveniences of Presidential Train.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, January 6.

WE rode through foggy Paris at 7 in the morning. The streets were still nearly dark and almost deserted. In the Rue Lafayette, soon to be so crowded and busy, only the smaller cafes had their lights burning and humbler shops were opening. But, every minute, Paris was waking.

At the Gare de l'Est I gave our taxi chauffeur the shock of his life. Pulling out a little pale green card from my pocket, I called through the window:

"To the presidential train!"

He stopped abruptly, swallowed his gum, breathed heavily and then reached out a reverent hand.

"Monsieur permits?" he whispered, with gog-eyed worship. I let him take the card in his hand. He read:

Presidence of the Republic
Voyage to Verdun (date)
Permit to Travel in the Presidential Train
M. Sterling Heilig of the Washington Star
The Secretary General
Of the Presidence of the Republic
P. O. the Higher Officer of Service
(scrawl)

Then there was a heavy embossing stamp: "French Republic—The President."

They say that the Chinese worship printed paper.

So, doubtless, do Paris taxi chauffeurs, when the words "Verdun" and "presidential train" are on the ticket. These cruisers of the Paris avenues see everything, know every one, and despise both. They reverence the poilus, the three marshals, and just one other human figure—the French president; and this card made me the companion of the bunch. He looked on me with love. He trembled as he took my money. He knew just where the presidential train must be.

ON the left of the Eastern railroad station, where the great building ends, and where the tracks continue from it, a monumental forged iron gate is kept regularly locked.

Now the gate was open. Municipal guards, police and plain-clothes men stood around. A gay red-and-white striped awning hid all but glimpses of a train on the extreme left-hand siding, and a little jungle of green plants in tubs surrounded the entrance. Between them, into the hidden space behind, ran a beautiful bright red carpet.

Without showing my card (desiring to see if it could be done) I walked upon the carpet, through the greenery, past all that force protecting the French president. They let me pass as if I were his cousin. And my feat was foolish. Those plain clothes men can see that you have a ticket in your pocket. Inside, a train of six cars waited.

I was too early. It was still half an hour before the time fixed for departure. I returned outside the greenery and awnings, into the public passageway. Other guests came hurrying up in taxis. We stood watching a smart company of the republican guard arrive, line up and ground arms with a thump. Down the passage, a thousand clerks and employes from the suburbs, hastening in throngs, stopped—struck to homage like my chauffeur. Inside the gate a dense mass of travelers and railway men crowded up to the red velvet ropes.

Military music. Clatter of arriving limousines. Rumors and whisperings. We hastened through the greenery, beside the train. More republican guards stood, lined exquisitely, beside it. Up the red carpet came an aged military figure, all alone, slow, painful, in the ancient red trousers uniform which is never seen any more—except on Joffre.

Alas! He who, when on his memorable trip to America, was the burly, ruddy, husky, happy Papa Joffre, came shrunken, pale, sick-looking, slow, pained, silent in the cruel early morning! All alone, Joffre passed before the rolling drums. He mounted into the train, slow, btu unaided. Every civilian hat was off. The soldiers' faces worshiped.

Up came Marshal Foch, brisk if a bit pale, surrounded by smart aides-de-camp. A stir. The music. Every hat was off again, as without hurrahs, but amid a low rumor of friendly respect from the peering crowds beyond, President Millerand, short, voluminously white-haired, pink-cheeked, looking like a lawyer in good practice, passed up the red carpet with a bunch of unknown

PRESIDENT MILLERAND AND THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR RETURNING TO THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN AT VERDUN.
(Copyright, 1921, by Sterling Heilig.)

functionaries—only Millerand, among them, counted.

We jumped into the train behind them.

W--iii-rrr! A siren-like whistle.

Instantly the train moved out, speed rapidly increasing.

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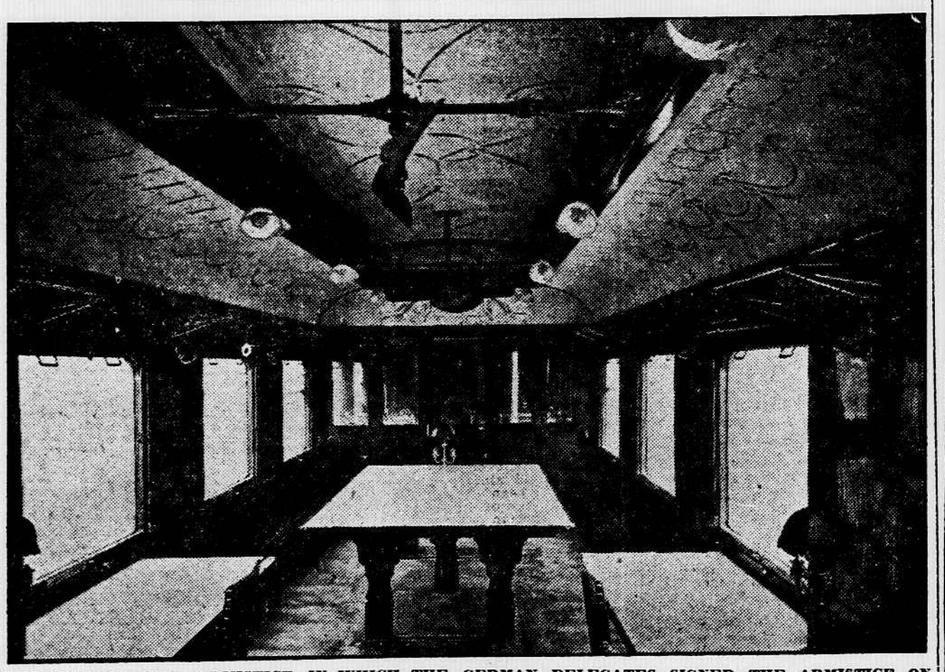
OUR interest from the start was in a particular car of the presidential train. Nobody would ever ride in it again—the historical salon car in which the German delegates signed the armistice on November 11, 1918.

It was the armistice car which, with one other, composed Marshal Foch's headquarters train in directing the final operations of the war. (Our own C. I. C. Pershing had his special train, as did Gen. Harbord, commanding the S. O. S.) Never again, I say, will the armistice car be ridden in because it is going to the Invalides, where it will be placed in the Army Museum, after being fitted up again with the same desks, telephones, etc., that were in use on November 11, 1918.

When the armistice car was "demobilized" last summer Marshal Foch returned it to the International Sleeping Car Company. As a valuable historical souvenir, the company offered



THE CAR OF THE ARMISTICE, IN WHICH THE GERMAN DELEGATES SIGNED THE ARMISTICE ON FEBRUARY 11, 1918. THE CAR WILL BE PLACED IN THE ARMY MUSEUM IN PARIS.

it to the government and M. Clemenceau decided that it should be attached to the presidential train as a dining car. It was actually fitted up for the purpose by the company, but they also placed in it two ornamental tablets, one recording the facts of the signature of the armistice, and the other bearing the names of the great campaigns: Marne (1914), Yser (1914), Verdun (1916), Somme (1916) and the battle of France (1918).

The armistice car was used for the first time by President Millerand on this journey of ours to Verdun, to unveil the American monument over the trench of bayonets, and among his guests at lunch were: Hugh C. Wallace, the American ambassador; ex-President Poincare and the two marshals. When all were seated, M. Noblemaire, a director of the company already mentioned, made a brief speech, presenting the car to the government. M. Millerand, in returning thanks for it, said that this historic car would be one of the most impressive and glorious relics of French history and that he was proud to take possession of it in the personal presence of Marshal Foch, the illustrious leader who signed the armistice, and of Marshal Joffre, the two great chiefs whose efforts had brought the final victory. The president concluded that the armistice car would be placed with other great relics in the Army Museum.

It was only late, on our return, long after "tea," while speeding back to Paris at seventy miles per hour to arrive for dinner time, that a young functionary came whispering that "Marshal Foch would explain the car of the armistice." I shall never forget the moment. With the outside blackness rushing past us, rocking, fairly dancing, in that light-weight rolling stock, the marshal stood in a center of light, with a cane as pointer, telling: "Here came ——" and "Here stood ——"—all the well known story of the dramatic signature. Until, at last, pointing to the commemorative tablet which recites the fact, he wound up impressively:

"There is an error here. It should be corrected. The signing began, not on the hours, but a quarter after!"

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WHEN you travel with the French president on his private train you do not slam down beside him, any moment, and propose to shoot dice.

The modest guest, when the trip is long, spends most of the time in his "compartment"—what we calf a section in our own long-distance trains. European cars are composed entirely of such compartments, with a long corridor running at one side of them, but the president's train is different. His "own" car is part compartment, part "salon." His "office car," for working with functionaries, etc., is long and open, with compartments at each end for stenographer, conferences, etc.; his salon car is like one of our parlor cars; the dining car is what we have seen, and more or less like one of our own, and the guest cars are all compartments.

Lounging in one's "section" as the train speeds, chatting, wandering up and down the side corridor which runs the length of the car, the only adventure (with discretion) is to slip unobtrusively into the salon car behind, in the hope of getting a moment with Joffre.

For Joffre, above all, is meetable. He seeks no one; at times it is painful. Particularly, I remember, during the ten minutes of our stop at the Fort of Veux, he paced back and forth, alone and forlorn, head down as in melancholy meditation, in an open space before the battered entrance. "Look at Joffre," we whispered, "like a policeman on his beat!" But when the least important American breaks in on his contemplation the marshal's wan old face lights up, and he responds like "a regular feller." "Marshal, you must come, soon, to America again. A hundred million folks would gladly greet you!"

The old Joffre smile lights up the worn face.

"I would like to go," he answers, almost happily, "and I have planned to—yes, next spring."

"Indeed! Why, that is great!"

"Yes, but——" the summing up comes wistfully, "it must be ordered. I must go on orders——"

The special train dashes on, always. It seems to have the right of way, completely. Twice I note a passenger train on a siding. The speed continues rapid for this light European rolling stock. We talk among ourselves about lunch. Somebody wonders if it will be the chef of the French white house. Another suggests that it will be the regular French dining car bill of fare. For the general touring public, it is a pity that the latter guess was quite wrong. The wines were more than excellent. I give the menu:

Fillets of Soles.
Lamb Chops (dolled up) and French Fried Potatoes.
Roast Partridges en Croutons.
Lettuce Salad.
Mixed Ice Cream and Cakes.
Fruits. Liquers. Coffee.

Somebody said that "M. Noblemaire wanted it to be a good one."

The train dashes on. The cars are all extremely well and equally heated. The comfort is complete. We sprawl at ease, wondering what "they" are doing. An attache of the embassy comes from the salon car.

"What are they doing in there?" we ask.

"The president is not visible—he's working. Marshal Foch is showing Col. Bentley Mott how Carpentier is going to slam Dempsey."

* * * *

THE French president worked—from Paris to Verdun.

None saw him, except at the short lunch. In his "own" car—which is his castle—none attempt to see him. Attached to the parlor car of the presidential train, it permits him to slip back and forth among his more distinguished guests—and disappear.

This "own" car of the chief of state is old. It has been used by four French presidents—Fallieres, Poincare, Deschanel and Millerand—and successive improvements, suggested by actual experience of presidents on long trips, have given it such practical conveniences that it would be difficult to improve, except by building a new car copied on it. This is being done—all Europe is renewing its rolling stock. Meanwhile, the entire train wears the glory of the war. There are marks, even, where cars have been hit.

This "own" car of the president is like an old house, full of cozy additions and makeshifts. No other car in the world looks like it. Millerand can lie soaking in a hot bath while dashing across France. (The hot soak was Napoleon's great reviver, as it is of the Japs today. "One hour of hot bath is worth five hours of sleep," Napoleon said; but all had to stop, en route, while he took it in some tent or farmhouse.) Or he can take a sweat-box and shower. Poincare claimed that the apparatus, in a tiny compartment, saved him from congestions and bronchitis ten times.

When Millerand desires to sleep or rest in bed he has a real brass bedstead—not a berth—in a commodious bedroom adjoining these conveniences in the middle of the car.

A snug "breakfast room," a tiny "personal kitchen" and a good-sized "private office" adjoining compartments for secretaries, stenographer and telegraph, fill the car like a Chinese trick-box. The real "offices," it should be understood, are in the secretaries' car, regularly carried adjoining behind, as the real "kitchens" are at one end of the dining car. No cookery on a large scale is attempted in them. The lunch of the present trip had been put on at Chalons, where the chefs had been carefully preparing it.

Marshal Foch, in his commander-in-chief's train, enjoyed a similar "own" car, which is probably being kept by the company as a relic. What became of the Pershing and Harbord private trains cannot be learned.

Verdun!

To the slow booming of cannons and the strains of the "Marseillaise" the presidential train emptied itself into the wrecked fort town, gay, for the moment, with flags, bunting and greenery. Where they got the latter beats me—nothing is too good to honor the French president.

Every street along the route was packed with town and countryside come in for miles. They do not cheer, as we at home would do, but every man, woman and child is slicked up as for Sunday. And the poilus of Verdun, presenting arms throughout the route, on each side of the street—you should see them to know the reverence of the two marshals and the president of the republic.

They stood erect, like tragical wax figures, the poilus of Verdun garrison! In fact, the impression was almost painful, as of a too great intensity of soul and body. I glanced with keen attention at, say, fifty of them. Not one moved an eyelash. Straight wax figures, in a theatrical "present arms," the right arm extended horizontally across the breast from the elbow, high up, where it grasped the rifle. On each face was a fanatical, tense look of fierce devotion. If you want to know what France—down deep, beneath the "blague" and easy talk of Gaul—thinks of the patrie, the republic and the president, look at the poilus!

But this is only about the presidential train.

It rushes back to Paris on a cleared track. Bright, almost overwarm with steam heat, it dashes through the dark countryside, its guests idly chatting over a high tea—while one man works with his secretaries.

An embassy attache comes from the salon car.

"What are they doing in there?" we ask.

"Joffre and Foch are talking earnestly together in a corner."

"What? What? We thought——"

The budding diplomat is diplomatic. He says nothing. But we all thought—and we are not sure yet. We, like all civilians and all poilus, have taken Joffre to our hearts, in jealous, perhaps silly defense. And yet——

The kilometers dash past.

Another man comes from the salon car.

"What are they doing in there?" we ask again.

He replies importantly, as with a great piece of news:

"Millerand is playing dominoes with the American ambassador."

Every one is flabbergasted.

Tiens, tiens! The French president is not working!

The Housewife's Ready Reference.

Every housewife needs to get the memorandum habit. With blank book and pencil hung in the kitchen, she can make a note of the supplies needed as soon as she discovers they are low, so that when the time comes to send to town the list is complete, and nothing need be forgotten. She will find it well to note expenditures and know where the money goes, and whether she gets its full value.

Get a prettily mounted scratch pad and hang it in the hall, close to where you lay off your wraps. Hang a pencil to the tablet. When you leave the house before the children come home from school write on it where you have gone and when you expect to return, and also remind them of any duties you wish them to perform in your absence. In their turn, if they go out, they should write a message for you, so that you will know where they are and when they will return. If any one calls on any member of the family during his or her absence it should be promptly recorded, together with any message that may have been left. Telephone messages should also be written down as soon as received. Each member of the family should look at the bulletin board immediately upon entering the house, and then no one will ever be bothered by messages being forgotten.

A little combination pad and telephone list that may be attached directly to the instrument is a handy contrivance. A thick pad covered with leather has a spring holder at the top which slips around the receiver and holds the pad firmly in place. Attached to brass rings on the pad is a set of ruled cards with a thumb index arranged alphabetically for the list of telephone numbers, and on top of these, mounted on a silk-covered board, is a little memorandum pad containing about 100 sheets, with a lead pencil in a little holder at the top. The memorandum sheets can be renewed, as the piece of cardboard at the back fits into a slit in the silk covering.

It is a good thing to take with you on a shopping tour some household figures, measurements and so on. In a notebook devote one page to the measurements of each member of the family. On the first page put your husbands measurements, such as size of hat, shoes, collar, underwear and other things. Devote another page to your own measurements, and one each to the children. Also write in the notebook your complete house measurements. Give the floor space, the height, number and size of the windows and doors and the color scheme of each room, allowing a full page to each room. With this reference at hand many things can be bought which otherwise it would not be safe to buy on the chance that "they might do for something."

NEW PALM BEACH FROCKS THAT ARE FORERUNNERS OF THE SPRING STYLES

A FROCK OF SILVER GRAY CREPE DE CHINE, WITH SLIGHTLY FULL SKIRT MOUNTED ON LONG-WAISTED BLOUSE, WHICH IS HELD AT THE WAISTLINE WITH A STRING GIRDLE LINED WITH YELLOW. THERE IS CREAM LACE ON THE BLOUSE.

A WIDE-SKIRTED FROCK OF SEA GREEN ORGANDIE TRIMMED WITH LACE; WIDE WHITE ORGANDIE SASH, WITH WREATH OF BLACK LACQUERED FLOWERS. A MATCHING WREATH ENCIRCLES THE LACE HAT.

BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

IF any prophet could arise any say that one certain thing would be the rule for the spring, there would be much anxiety allayed.

The dressmakers might be happier than the public. It is they who must blaze the path. It is not they who decide the result.

The public pleases itself in the end when it comes to the final decision on fashions. The old English saying that usage is the judge, the law, the rule of speech, is not always applicable to clothes.

The commercialists may be inclined to doubt this. What is worn by the masses is held as fashionable by those who sell and by thousands of those who buy. But it is not strictly true.

The group of women in any nation who lead fashions are apt to discard whatever the masses adopt. The designers of importance relinquish their grip on that which becomes universal. Those who create fashions and those who explore and accentuate them, refuse to buy the thing which has been offered to all.

It is this flowing and ebbing of the tide that creates interest in clothes, which promotes trade, and keeps the waters of fashion from becoming stagnant.

If fashion could be determined in mass, it would be easy for the trade to lay down a law regarding the exact type of clothes that every woman must wear. Afterward they could sleep. But the public refuses to be led in this manner. No matter what path its feet are placed in, there quickly comes restlessness and the feet stray into other paths, sometimes of their own choosing.

The French designers know full well by this time what they will launch for spring. But there is every evidence that they are not in full accord. They appear to be beating the air. They want to sell clothes for millions of francs, and when the desire to please overreaches the desire to create merely in the name of art and beauty, there is, of necessity, a jumble of various styles thrown on the market.

We all know the reason for French uncertainty. It is no slight task, no small financial outlay to prepare a few thousand frocks for a handful of foreign buyers. Failure to sell these gowns results in vast business depression in the industry of clothes. The French women do not take with rapturousness the clothes designed for the American and English women; they do not even wear them when their season begins. So it is often the case that the dressmakers suffer great loss. No wonder their gift of designing is split asunder by their desire and need to make money on their venture.

What is to be launched in Paris is still in doubt. In America the new spring styles are launched. The south is the field of exhibition. Palm Beach is the central spot.

The gowns going south are America's contribution to style. It must be admitted that they do not indicate a revolution. They follow in the footsteps of the gowns worn in France during the midwinter. The long skirt, the gathered skirt, the tight bodice, floral effects, are features that are significant.

The ribbon gowns sent over ealy in the season by Lanvin are the novelties of this season. Those who watch know that she and Poiret have hammered away at this type of frock for six months. The dressmakers over here thought that it was a phase. The public treated it with indifference. Yet the fashion persists; in fact, it is launched as the newest of the spring silhouettes.

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It is worn in Paris. It is exhibited in America. Yet it will have a strong influence on everything that is fashioned from now on. It will lengthen skirts, it will raise the waistline, it will create width on the hips and at the hem.

It will finally win its way in America, even though it is modified. The French women have been appearing in this style of frock for over two months. It is worn on the stage. It has been adopted by smart women in their own homes. It has brought back that Spanish effect which we adopted two years ago. The latter fashion may not be reinstated in this country. It was too common at the time of its dominance to be looked upon with pleasure now. But a fashion is important in its influence. It often creates a revolution without being accepted for itself.

The situation is that the Americans still wear skirts sixteen inches from the floor. The French have accepted seven inches from the floor as the fashionable length. All that is a twice-told tale to many, but it is too important at this hour of the year to ignore.

The young woman may be the first to accept the fashion for full and longer skirts, purely through the beauty of the ribbons gowns which have been in New York for a few weeks. They are made of twelve and fourteen-inch ribbon. Not a yard of any other kind of material is used. Three pieces of the ribbon are gathered together, horizontally, to form the skirt. The bodice is built of two pieces which cross the shoulders and are gathered into the skirt at the waist line. The outer edges of the ribbon drop under the arm and are turned back over the top of the arm to form the short sleeves. An immense rose or a rosette of ribbon is placed upon the side at the waist line.

These are sent to Palm Beach for young girls who have borrowed from their mothers the trick of wearing black or dark blue in the evening. Both these somber colors are used as the foundation color of the ribbon and upon the surface are scattered heroic roses in brilliant colors.

Evening gowns for women who are not debutantes show the influence of these so-called Spanish frocks. They are of lace, lacking the hoop skirt effect at the hips, but showing decided fullness through Spanish flounces of lace, which drop to within eight inches of the floor. The extreme ones sweep the ankle, even though the lining is several inches shorter.

The influence of this French fashion is shown, also, in thin white frocks to be worn on beaches and porches. These have Spanish flounces which, although short, measure five yards around the hem. There is no tight underskirt. The bodice is excessively slim and ends at the waistline. The sash of the same material is in a different color from the frock and sometimes garlanded with bright flowers to match those used as a crown band on the hat.

By the way, gray African brown and mauve muslins have taken the place of all-white frocks. A gray organdy is built with a full skirt and a tight bodice, the underslip is of blue organdy, the sash matches the underslip. It is garlanded with yellow and red nasturtiums, the garland placed in the middle of the sash and repeated on the straw hat.

There is another frock of mauve muslin built over yellow, with a pink sash. The white frock is not in the ascendancy. It, like black for the evening, has given away to gowns that demand an artist's knowledge in the mixing of colors.

A novelty fabric for spring evening wear is an excessively thin velvet. It might have been worn at one of those sumptuous and ceremonial weddings which were a feature of the Italian renaissance. True, we are slipping from under the influence of the fourteenth century, but we continue to use the fabrics that were bought by those extravagant and volatile women, led by the Duchess of Milan. This thin velvet is one of them. The smart French and Italian women will use it for evening gowns on the Riviera. We will make an attempt to do likewise.

Yellow, mulberry, rose, pink, mauve and French blue are the colors chosen by women who insist upon getting away from the conventional. Often there are flowers attached, there are garlands that drop from the shoulder to the knees, or maybe there are bunches at one hip with trailing ends. Morning glories with all their purple colorings are rivals to roses. They swing downward over the figure on their own vines. Nasturtiums are used whenever their vivid coloring permits.

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When black is chosen in this weave of velvet there are two ways of building it into an evening frock; one is the draped Italian gown with its slim, straight bodice cut into an oval decolletage, and sleeveless; the other style is Spanish with its long bodice moulded into the waist line and extending to the hips; a full Spanish flounce of black thread lace caught with a colored rose on one hip to form the skirt.

There is no novelty in the use of crepe de chine for spring as there is for thin velvet, but the dressmakers are using it as though it were something that the public had just found.

In France it has been the national fabric since the war ended. The Americans who have gone to Paris to get inspiration for new clothes have been continuously disappointed at the universal use of crepe de chine by women in every class and for every hour of the day. They have been disappointed also at the persistence of the chemise frock without an opening and with a girdle at the hips.

They must be even more disappointed to realize that just when France is beginning to discard the fabric and the frock America is exploiting both with enthusiasm. That mixed Greco-Italian gown, with its oval neck line, its long armhole, its sash at the hips, has been in full force for the evening over here for six weeks.

As the season advances to its full strength one is astonished to see the prevalence of these gowns in the evening, especially in brocaded crepe de chine, white velvet and metallic brocade. Tea-jackets, but the rough homespun skirt is without pleats.

While the circular skirt is the new movement, it is not yet commonly accepted by smart women, although many of the bright yellow, orange and black and French blue homespun skirts have circular front and back with a stitched seam down each side.

With these severely plain skirts go colored jackets in henna, Moroccan brown, French blue and bright purple. The new sport jacket does not fasten. The jacket sleeves are long, and in that feature they substantiate the fashion for long sleeves in morning frocks.

In it there are remarkable tones of yellow featured for young girls' evening frocks, held in at the hips by Persian sashes made from three colors of tulle twisted around each other.

There are even crepe de chine capes lined with marabou, somewhat after the fashion of the one Marilyn Miller wears, among her other wonderful clothes, in "Sally," the new musical comedy. The French have sent these crepe de chine capes down to the Riviera with a thin fur lining. That's a new touch.

The smart sport clothes launched for Palm Beach follow the plain English fashion. Smart women do not like the pleated ones. There are knife-pleated white homespun and crepe de chine skirts worn with short colored

Household Inventory.

Few house owners these days neglect to insure the contents of their houses against loss by fire, and many insure also against loss by burglary. Having guesed roughly the value of the household furniture, the valuables and other things in a house, an owner usually purchases a policy that will indemnify him or her, and women are frequently owners, in case of fire to the extent of what the goods are estimated to be worth and, often without having read the terms and condiions of the policy, files it away with other important papers.

A prudent house owner however, realizing that a fire insurance policy is a form of contract, will read its provisions carefully and will take special note of the clause that every policy contains, which reads substantially as follows:

"If fire occurs the insured shall give immediate notice of any loss thereby in writing to this company, protect the property from further damage, forthwith separate the damaged and undamaged personal property, put it in the best possible order, make a complete inventory of the same, stating the quandity and cost of each article, and the amount claimed thereon," and so forth.

In spite of the fact that a complete inventory of goods destroyed must be presented in order to effect a settlement with any fire insurance company, many persons fail to realize the necessity and importance of making an inventory of their belongings when they take out their policy, and of adding to it as they add to their possessions.

Not only is such an inventory invaluable in case of fire, but the summing up of the total actual value of the contents of a house often shows that the proposed protection is insufficient, and so leads the owner to increase the amount of a policy.